

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And thou brother *Montague*, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farewel sweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac't *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our course,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the walls.

War. Where is the poste that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honest fellow?

Oxf. poste. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the Poste that came from *Montague*?

Poste. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing sonne?
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the furlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That

of Torke and Lancaster.

That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the least against his will.

War. 'Twas *Warwicke* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicke* gift.

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for so a great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his subiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alasse, that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallasce,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are old *Warwicke* still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and souldiors.

Ox. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backs,
Wee'l stay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and souldiors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Torke*,
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

P 3